POEMS FOR THE MYSTICAL RADIO CIVILIZATIONS

(Poems Beamed into Outer Space)

Vol. 2

- by Brian Edwards

2021

These poems were breamed into space

1.

This will make no sense to you
perhaps

these are but bits and pieces
of energy

tiny fragments
of seemingly nothing

echoes from the dark vastness

an obscure light
from a flickering candle
that is here and gone
in but an instant of eternity

yet here is a fragment
the brief flickering light of a soul

here is a faint echo of myself
of all that I was
my insignificance
and my uniqueness
reaching you
from that star you may or may not see
that appears ever faintly at twilight
and fades away as always
in the light of the dawn of your world

***

10/24/2021

- beamed into space 10/24/2021

This Autumn morning
is full of duality
just like the whole world

there is good
there is bad
and there is much more in-between

drifting through currents of time

I think of the snowflakes
that have yet to fall from the sky

I think of the rain
that was once
all of my memory

the sundial in the country
wields its methodic scepter at noon

the great lunacy
of this arithmetic
how soon....how soon
the plague has eyes to
that never truly closed
the Medieval door was a ruse

there in the soothing sunlight
of the epiphany
there in the glare of the sea

***

- 10/24/2021

- beamed into space 10/24/2021

Awaiting the season of Valkyries
the Autumn moon is now risen
this night is an island of solace
I could never count the stars
if only there were time

hear my whispers
listener upon the far shore
hear me breathe the atmosphere of life
as I build cathedrals in the mind
of the worldly and the divine
these many phantasms of the wind

did you see the maiden in the garden
whose eyes are full of visions
her songs enchanting the minotaurs
her golden hair like a solar apparition

I see it all before me now
the orchard.....the stream
is it truly a dream
of substance and light

could it be the night's hands
dropping shells into the sea

as you knew
as you always believed
the resurrection
of the impossible philosophy

***

- 10/24/2021

- beamed into space on 10/24/2021

Lightning in the western sky
the hours drifting by
the hour glass we'll never find
all that is left now is to remember

I remember the park bench in the Spring rain
we called the name.....we called the name
last in this cycle of repose
when the pursuit of the true alchemy
reveals its woes

shadows lifted from our hands
remembrances returned to the crystalline
moonlight of the garden and the path
and here all of this fossilized serenity

how did you interpret the omens of yesterday
I close my eyes and see
an onyx window to an onyx sky
and now there in the mind's vision
a solitary cabin in a snowy woods

a new candle in an old window
an isle of light in a sea of obscurity
the storm shall pass away
and the emerald dawn reclaim the realm

***

- 10/25/2021

- beamed into space on 10/25/2021

Continuously.....yes continuously
the ancient labyrinth within
these afternoon thoughts
hidden deep within
my own fears of the streets.....the commotion
and also present
the fear of the slow moving clock
these slow.....slow moments
when it feels like my mind
is dragging the pharaoh's pillars
exceptionally what I cannot communicate is
the abundance of anxiousness
let loose into the ether
where invisible falcons soar

yet in its own time
the stars appear above
and my eyes behold
the boundaries of eternal measure

***

- 10/25/2021

- beamed into space on 10/25/2021

Embracing the escape of these thoughts
with little more to do
I gaze out of this window upon the streets
that lead to deserts of memory

with little more to see
I see everything in its zenith
I see an Aztec sun
the presence of an immortal candle

hydrogen towers in the sea of void
I've once again escaped
through the inner most window to the cosmos
may the heavens receive me as a lost child
there must be salvation
in this mirror of eternity

and tomorrow I will return to the maelstrom
electronic machines will entangle
with my consciousness

I will look through capitalist architecture
for the Sun-devoted obelisk of spirit
I will see the last twilight of the confessor
the last mirage the wanderer sees

and now I will go onward
into the Valhalla of the anointed
I will enter the labyrinth of my own reflection
in the agora of the marooned
I will speak of the entombed redemption

***

- 10/26/2021

- beamed into space on10/26/2021

7.

I have been waiting....listening
to hear the radio breath of life
waiting to behold the deity sculpture
when the antithesis of the muses
circle us like invisible harpies
the shadows are now as immaculate
as they'll ever be

I have been waiting.....breathing
vapors of ancient temple ruins
beneath your feet
imagined subterranean citadels
beneath your eyes
the worms of the minuscule forest

take me to the mirrored world
the world beyond the haze
take me to the invisible island
in the sea of sleep
amidst the longitudes of obscurity

it is raining now.....almost midnight
the mind is slowing down
imaginings dissipating
like the smoke of incense
voices crawling up the walls like spiders
such a variety of light has been forgotten here

the opera mask in the windows
speak with eyes of void
expressions of the drama
created by those
reflected in the black mirrors

***

- 10/26-27/2021

- beamed into space on 10/27/2021

Waiting for five million candles
to flood my little island of salt
with light

resurrection was the malady
for those that sought
the silence of being without memory

tombs of coral
catacombs of shells

***

- 10/27/2021

- beamed into space on 10/27/2021

Waiting for everything
that exist beyond the dawn's light
to reveal itself

do I only need to exist
while not existing?

this morning
I awoke just before the sun rise
I was out on my balcony
with a coffee .....smoking a cigarette
absorbing the essence
of this quiet corner of civilization

I was absorbing the world
the singing birds
the memory of the just faded stars

I was absorbing the soil
the trees
and the emerging tapestry of azure

I was absorbing the truth
that the truth is unknowable
that the truth is unreachable

***

- 10/27/2021

- beamed into space on 10/27/2021

10.

I had a dream
in the middle of the day
a million gas lights
illuminating the night
a galaxy emerging in the twilight sky

I had a dream
in the first light of morning
the serenades of the lively birds
through invisible windows
I saw a forest of divine solitude

illumination in the beginning
and in the end

I was there
walking along the shore in the morning
the horizon was an angel's song

***

- 10/28/2021

- beamed into space on 10/28/2021

11.

Mysterious whispers
of mysterious spheres
cubes.....cylinders....trapezoids
in the sky

mysterious whispers
of lights without explanation

mysterious shadows
formed of imaginings

mysterious omens
mysterious oracles

voices calling out
from reflections in the reflections
of mirrors within mirrors

cloud realms above
down below
we are all fleeing the hourglass

the cathedral bells toll out
the anointed sound waves of time

these dreams
shrouding the mushrooms like a dew

lets get away from here
and rise into the moonlight's temple

***

- 10/28/2021

- beamed into space on 10/28/2021

I am awaiting the arrival
the revelation.....the awakening

I am awaiting
the ripples to reach me
from the opposite shore

I am listening for the transmissions
from the radio monastery

all night long
amidst the winds
and the antennas

I called out to you through telepathy
where minarets and hanging gardens
touch the ancient horizon

Roman clouds gathering
when I am in the deepest sleep

could you hear my voice
from the phonographs at Delphi

could you navigate the river
that leads to the city
of the golden tribes

the crescent moon rises over the orchard
the owl looks upon
the marble memory
the statue of our created wishes

***

- 10/28/2021

- beamed into space on 10/28/2021

Here am I
calling out to a thousand worlds
seeking a thousand twilights to behold
a thousand fireflies
illuminating the meadow

Here I am upon the sea
seeking out a thousand sirens
so that I may meet my end upon the rocks
with visions of beauty before my eyes

here I am without disguises
without any want or need for secrecy
here I am with no pretensions
setting my gaze above
upon the vast tapestry of stars

I sense a boundary
a horizon of infinity here
in a brief moment

and I can see
across a grassy field
a candle in a cottage window.....flickering

***

- 10/28/2021

- beamed into space on 10/28/2021

Waiting on this Saturday night
for the world to be aligned with me

statues laughing
seeing through me

a rabbit on the wet sidewalk
two days of rain
and two days of obscurity

the clouds looming
so close to Earth today

I was away
for a time
within corridors of the mind

yet still here in body
that is a whole different story
from being away .....above
moving between the very fabric of the air

now it is night
and the Moon remains hidden

these rain clouds
still shroud the sky

and it is quiet.....very quiet
and the Moon awaits its unveiling

***

- 10/30/2021

- beamed into space on 10/31/2021

Listeners beyond the great horizon
I am searching for you
wanting to know you
wanting to know
that this dream exist in truth somewhere

here I am upon the shore
looking out upon the sea
upon the rising Sun
my eyes transfixed
on what lies beyond
this tapestry of beauty

within these rays of sunlight
at dawn
the essence of a thousand centuries remains

I behold spectral galleons at sea
and the sound of the waves breaking
is the chime of something ever immortal

you.....listeners out there
beyond the nebulas and the stardust

visions of splendor
immaculate landscapes
carried upon the radio voice
of the longing spirit

***

- 10/31/2021

- beamed into space on 10/31/2021

Our origins are somewhat obscure
of this notion
we are not so sure
was it in the desert
the forest
the mountains
from where did we emerge?

we often devour creation legends
like pills
we fill our subconscious with mythology

we have always longed to touch
the sphere of the ethereal

many have climbed Mt. Olympus
and been vaporized in the mist

have been told
of true.....beautiful darkness
adorned with hydrogen candles

we have spoken out questions
to the rising vapors in the temples

what did the first eyes see?

a lasting candlelight
amidst the darkness
of the night-sea

***

- 10/31/2021

- beamed into space on 10/31/2021

17.

what are you thinking?
what are you thinking?
skipper of this ghost ship

dream away the nautical charts
time itself is melting in the sea spray

Arctic light and destiny
latitudes of ecstasy

an azure canvas
horizon and sky are blending

an immortal mirage
to the port bow
an isle of sirens
singing hypnotically
love embodied in sound and voice
death.....oblivion
no means to escape this fatal temptation

***

- 10/31/2021

- beamed into space on 10/31/2021

Walking down the street
missing my halo
dreams of shallow water
a morning sea
sun glare....the albatross

nights of visions
sleep is but a doorway
I open my eyes
in the psyche's playground

watching out the window
the dirigibles at twilight
the pipe music
reverberates through the city
echoing the Druid's memory

a million thoughts
pouring out of the lightbulb
electric psychoanalysis
there's something there
rising to the surface
is it that reflection
that I lost in the mirror of my youth

the many mountaintops I've seen
the many streams flowing
the many dawns blessed by the Sun
epiphany is the one true occurrence
in the dimly lit hour
and ever I am searching
for the tower's fair maiden

***

- 10/31/2021

- beamed into space on 10/31/2021

19.

A rainbow from out of the gray skies
the birds instinctively
absorbing all this creation
the monuments shout absolving cries
the ziggurat lies at the center of this dream

catacombs and windmills
visions of them touching the window screen
summer afternoon
the sky seems like an amphitheater
of angelic horns

what kingdoms can you imagine
atop the clouds
realms above us
as we go about our lives
so naturally oblivious

lights in the air
lights in the air

inventions from beyond the boundaries
of charted time and space
capitalism will either adapt
or fragment from this debate

the seer saw his own reflection
saying nothing
and the omens stayed unknown
as the heavy fog began to arrive
consuming everything
into an invisible hour

***

- 10/31/2021

-beamed into space on 10/31/2021

Tonight I saw
a green meteor fall from the sky
I was out on my porch
smoking a cigarette
and there it was

I believe that this
is the second green meteor
that I've seen
within a year

it's strange to me
prior to this year
I don't recall ever having seen
a green meteor.....ever in my life

sure.....I've seen plenty of meteors
when I was much younger
I used to keep up on
when meteor showers would occur

sometimes I would lie on the grass
in the backyard at my parents house
and stare up at the night sky
at the heavens
looking to see meteors
and see them I did

I've seen plenty of meteors
in my life
but never green ones
not since this year

I rather like them
they certainly do
get one's attention

***

- 11/1/2021

- beamed into space on 11/1/2021

I often find
that when I first wake up in the morning
for a few brief moments
I forget everything

it's as if I forget where I am
who I am.....what I am
I forget it all

and I just lie there in bed
existing for some reason
that seems unknown to me

I am reduced to a presence
a presence.....a consciousness
with no name.....no identity
in some room
that I'm not sure if I've ever seen before
just as I'm uncertain
about many things
in those few brief moments

and there is a light in this room
shining through a window
the light seems very familiar to me
yet in those few brief moments
I'm not even sure if I realize its source

yes....sometimes
in those first few moments
after I wake up
I forget everything about myself
and I forget what brings light to this world

***

- 11/1/2021

- beamed into space on 11/1/2021

22.

I have observed
that there are many occasions
in the night
when new appearances
do not exist

there are only
the same old shadows
the same old silhouettes

there are only familiar visitors
from unfamiliar realms

sometimes there is no music
to be heard in the night
just a cacophony reversing itself
and the quiet rising like a tide

out there somewhere in the cosmos
new stars are born
yet here on some nights
candles flicker out
and rooms grow darker

on some nights
the street lights pour out
their illumination like fountains

on some nights
the Spanish Moss consumes a little more
of old dreams from decades in the past

***

- 11/2/2021

- beamed into space on 11/2/2021

I know that I am a stranger to you
but listen if you will
this is an echo
of my telepathic voice
speaking to you
across vast light-years
of void and wonder

who knows where I will be
when you receive this message
with a new body .....a spirit
in some astral realm?
or perhaps simply returned to oblivion
to the void itself

so listen.....hear me
for I may be not even a memory now
in a sense
I am asking you to resurrect me
acknowledge me
receive these mere echoes of my thoughts

breathe remembrance
new atmosphere
into my voice

let me see the sunset
on your world
through your eyes

let me stroll the beaches
feel the warm sand once again
and see the color of your sky

if only for a brief moment
until you move on and forget me
and I return to the great obscurity
until the next world that hears my echo

***

- 11/2/2021

- beamed into space on 11/2/2021

Listening through our devices
listening to discover your existence
listening to explore possibilities
listening upon a grain of sand
along the most eternal shore

someday what unimaginable things
may come to pass
if we knew of your existence
what dreams may become realized
what imaginings will pour out of our souls
into the ether

so we'll keep on listening
with our ears.....with our souls
with our machines

we'll keep on listening
to hear what the stars have to say to us

we will keep on listening
for we will always want to know about you

we will keep on listening
because our curiosity is like a fire
that will never be extinguished

***

- 11/2/2021

- beamed into space on 11/2/2021

The green meteor
has returned again
I saw it a little after twilight
while smoking tobacco on the balcony

I knew then
that there were a thousand
invisible islands
up there in the sky

and just below
a cat strolled by on the sidewalk
then stopped and looked up at me
my eyes and the cat's eyes
locked in a hard stare

and the green meteor
fell to Earth

and the Moon
was beginning to rise
over the pine woods

***

- 11/3/2021

- breamed into space on 11/3/2021

Waiting for you
friends from where the stars shine

waiting to hear
your radio ballads

waiting to hear
your radio poems
shining down upon
upon the cities and the forest

I am waiting to hear
the voice of your spirit

we can meet
we can be together in our dreams

yes.....that is where
we can be together

so speak to me friends
so to me from across the lightyears

***

- 11/3/2021

-beamed into space on 11/3/2021

It was a long day.....a weary day
but they say
that I must make my way in the world

and money is the great driving force
that great catalyst
I've heard it said

so in the morning
I go out my door to earn
some of the great catalyst
the great motivator

but with each passing year
I become less and less
motivated by money
less and less concerned
with making my way

I would rather
stare up into the sky
night or day
and see something
discover something
hidden to everyone else

I can not take money with me
to the great beyond
or wherever I am going
beyond this life

and in truth
it creates so many
weary days for me

I would much rather
seen a eclipse
a supernova
or the Aurora Borealis
if only once

***
- 11/3/2021
-beamed into space on 11/3/2021

I ponder
the distances between the stars
can our dreams connect there
can they become entangled there
into one dream
can our imaginings merge
into a single essence of light

the night sky itself
can reveal countless visions
countless epiphanies

one can journey up there
in dreams

all of our journeys in this realm
begin with a dream

***

- 11/4/2021

- beamed into space on 11/4/2021

Today was a quiet one
compared to yesterday
yesterday had some stressful moments
today nothing much really happened
except I could feel a chill in the air
yes....it was definitely a bit colder today
and soon I know that winter will be here
I can't say that I like the cold very much
but the winter is always
a quieter time of year for me
so I welcome its arrival
this past summer was very hectic.....very stressful
I've had enough of that for one year
so yes.....I do welcome
the arrival of winter
though it is not here yet
but it will be soon
I could feel its closeness today
I could feel its closeness in the air
I couldn't quite see it yet
no....it is still very much autumn
the leaves in the trees have changed color
and have already begun to fall
but when the winter does arrive
I will welcome it
I will embrace the cold warmly if I must
for it is the peace.....the quiet
that the winter will bring
and that is what I seek
this year especially
it is the quiet that I seek

***

- 11/5/2021

- beamed into space on 11/5/2021

So just give us a word
that is all that we ask
we're not so bad
just feeling quite alone

we just want to know
that you're out there
out among the stars
and the constellations we see

shine some light our way
give us some thoughts
and from them we'll create such dreams

yes....just a word
when you find the time
we hope that you're listening
we dream that you're listening

maybe someday
you'll hear us
and maybe someday
we'll hear you

along that radio highway
that stretches from us to you

out along that celestial radio highway
that we've both travelled in our dreams

***

- 11/5/2021

- beamed into space on 11/5/2021

Well here I go
I've just been thinking
about the stars up above
and the cathedrals in the nebulas

I've just been thinking
while I've been sitting here alone
about the many worlds
that from us remain hidden

when are we going to see?
when are we going to see?
what's there on that starry sea

I'm sure that we'll set sail someday
our curiosity.....our destiny
leads us on

we'll be out there someday
on that starry sea
I know it won't be me
in my day
the world just wasn't ready
but believe me
someday.....others will sail that starry sea

this I know
as I sit here dreaming
as I look up above
to the garden of the night

***

- 11/5/2021

- beamed into space on 11/5/2021

It's a big dream I know
but a dream worth having
to speak to other worlds
out there in the heavens

some say there's no point
some say it's just a matter of time
I say I'll follow my dreams
and trust in my own mind

so I'll keep on singing to you
the twinkling stars
that I see up there above
while down here the commotion
just goes on and on

I'll keep singing to you
explorers of the heavens
and I hope one day
to hear your songs to

so lets keep this dream going
we must never let it die
that peoples from two worlds can speak
across such a great divide

so dream this dream with me
for I know you're out there somewhere
waiting on me

so keep singing to me
and I'll keep singing to you
till the stars fade away
with the first light of the dawn

***

- 11/5/2021

- beamed into space on 11/5/2021

Tomorrow is calling
their blowing trumpets
the stars are like jewels
everyone can see

caught between two worlds
my dreams going this way and that
dreaming in this one
and dreaming about what's above

thinking and thinking
all those visions in my head
thinking about the horizon
not the near one
but the far one instead

here's my message in a bottle
my telegram through space
here's the echo of my spirit
here's a greeting from all the human race

it all feels like a dream
I know that it is and is not
it feels like a dream
when the rooster crows
at the first light of dawn

but maybe we're not so different
maybe we see many things the same
maybe we truly are kindred spirits
some awakening spark of light
risen from the stars

***

- 11/6/2021

- beamed into space on 11/6/2021

We're all waiting here these days
for an epiphany from the skies
all this routine
all this emphasis on money
we're losing something
and we don't even realize

yes.....we're all waiting on some sign
some astrological revelation
we want something profound
something that reaches us
all the way down to the spirit

time is going by so fast anymore
the old memories keep fading away
it's hard to be anchored to anything anymore
when is seems like the earth
is moving beneath your feet

we're waiting on some epiphany
some revelation from the stars
some sign from the constellations
we keep on looking to the sky

we're waiting for some message of hope
some assurance that we can all make it through
we'll keep the flame of our dreams alive
in spite of the cold winds of time

***

- 11/7/2021

- beamed into space on 11/7/2021

It's a fair Autumn day
with only a slight chill in the air
I've got to be getting along
get moving
but the drive just isn't there

so I may just sit here and meditate
absorbing the atmosphere
when time is moving both fast and slow

I've got to go have my visions
before the shroud of night falls
I've got to go have my visions
before the last raven calls

it's a fine day yes
one of the finest of the year
I've got to go make something of it
I've got to go make something appear

and here it is night
how the time slipped away
the hourglass is always with us
each and every day of our lives

did I make it a good one?
did I make the most of the day?
the hourglass will surely
let me know someday

yes that ild hourglass
will whisper into my ear on the last day
letting me know what I got right
and what I should have done differently
so it always goes.....so it always goes

***

- 11/7/2021

- beamed into space on 11/7/2021

I wish I could send you
a gem of a song
or a masterpiece painting to behold
but I'm just one ordinary man
one ordinary soul

I wish I could tell you
about all the wonders of my world
about the seven ancient wonders
about Cleopatra
Queen of the Nile

I wish I could tell you more
about the ancient Greeks
and the Roman world to
and the Renaissance
what I could share with you there
but I'm just one ordinary man

so I'll give you my words
my thoughts.....my poems
I know it doesn't compare
but I'm just a poor man with big dreams
so I'll give you what I can

dreamer to dreamer
words can hold their own visions
we've got our ears to the stars
and we dream of what lies out there
explorers of the heart and mind
and so much we can share with you
and so much we can find

***

- 11/7/2021

- beamed into space on 11/7/2021

Ever since I was a kid
I remember looking up to the stars
wondering what's out there
imagining what's out there
for me the night sky
was always a gateway.....a door
a garden for my dreams and thoughts
not much has changed
though the years have worn me down
I still look up to the night sky
and imagine as I always did
it begins with a spark
that grows into a fire
the flame of the imagination burns
throughout the darkest hours
the imagination creates dreams
and sometimes dreams can create realities
beyond the gateway.....out to the stars
we wonder if anyone out there is asking
if they are alone.....as we are
maybe we'll meet up someday
maybe we'll exchange greetings on the cosmic streets
maybe we'll find a way to build a bridge
across the heavens between two worlds
I still dream of this....and I always will
though the years have taken a toll
some dreams aren't meant to die
some dreams will find a place among the constellations
long after the dreamer is gone

***

- 11/7/2021

- Brian Edwards

- beamed into space on 11/7/2021

Tonight listening
to the cold wind blowing
to nothing growing
to the world overflowing with electric light

it's not so bad after all
if you can see now more clearly
the double-edge sword of the game
the bliss of love
and the sting of pain

tonight seeing thorns getting closer
so many memories frozen in ice
I'm out there under the intrepid moon
and ain't it nice.....yes so nice

now I saw you not too long ago in a dream
and I thought you looked familiar
you were the rose I carried with me
and the dagger that ended my naive innocence

I should have known
but I couldn't have known
I always needed my baptism to be on the battlefield
I should have seen
that face scream in the mirror
but I had to learn through a wounded time

and here I am tonight
just some old bones and a weathered mind
the clock chimes without revealing the hour
and I'm still here
more a shadow than a man sometimes it seems
my gaze set upon the stars again
this much has never changed

***

- 11/8/2021

- beamed into space on 11/8/2021

Tomorrow's another day
of the old cycle
feeling trapped behind office walls
while the world goes by
and then at the end of the work day
my mind makes a run for it
into whatever world
my imagination encounters

half the time feels like an upswing
half the time it feels down
a pendulum of disjointed hours
but I endure for the sake
of that time when I'm free of it all

I was just out on the balcony
smoking a cigarette
looking at Orion
sensing the distance.....the splendor
the impossible destination

and I'll be out on the road
just after dawn tomorrow
driving towards that sunny horizon
then it's eight long hours on the job

then at twilight
I'll find myself in some paradise or some inferno
I'll find myself either moving in slow-motion
or in free-fall
the old cycle knows
but won't reveal it to me just yet

so it goes when I'm driving towards the sunset
so it goes when I first see the Moon
hanging in the sky

***

- 11/9/2021

- beamed into space on 11/9/2021

It's been a crazy time
on this planet Earth these days
a leader of strife and division
a riot in our capital
a pandemic spreading further and further
it's been a crazy time
yes....at times it's the world that seems crazy
sometimes when I see the news
I feel only emptiness
have I gone numb to it all?
we could sure use some help down here
from up above
from angels.....from saints
from philosophers of the stars
something needs to happen I believe
to shake things up
to shake loose the rot and corruption
of the old mindset
and pretty soon it seems
the world will be dominated by machines
they'll soon be much more clever than us
many times over
what are we going to do
if they become self-aware
and recognize our craziness
what if they want
to nip this problem in the bud
and we'll be left out of a future
because we couldn't mellow out
time is certainly a riddle
and that it will continue to be
do we know which way to turn
to avoid the chasm
I wonder sometimes

***

- 11/9/2021

- beamed into space on 11/9/2021

Sometimes it seems
like I'm haunted by old memories
sometimes it comes and it goes
but it's like taking a wrong turn
and opening doors
that I shouldn't have opened
and these old memories
come to me often in the middle of the night
they rise up like cobras from the floor
I try to run away from them
I run down dark streets
where only a distant street light
gives any illumination at all
I run and I run
yet I'm always back to the same place
the memories.....the memories
the ones that won't fade
the ones that never fade
though I wish they would
they won't .....they just get closer
creeping up on me
for they are my memories
they are ever connected to me
like wounds.....like scars
though I try to run
deep down I know I can't
I have to stop running
turn around and face them
only then are they gone
for a small measure of time

***

- 11/9/2021

- beamed into space on 11/9/2021

I thought about
what I would say to the strangers
nothing good came to mind
but I would not give them only silence
so I'll wait until a better time

I go now into the mist
the vanishing mist
where I will vanish to
but not my voice.....my echo
that will carry on
carry on beyond the atmosphere
out to the nebulas
out to the illumination
of time's very altar

we'll imagine other worlds
and we may re-invent our own
a time or two
the radio scriptures
speak of the heavens
from those distant flames
we are all connected

I don't know what to say to them
but something will come to mind
some epiphany about something radiant
will reveal itself to my inner thoughts
something will flow through me
like a stream on Mt. Olympus
of this I have little doubt

someday I'll have something
more profound to say
yet until that day
I'll let some of these thoughts
come and go as they please

***

- 11/10/2021

- beamed into space on 11/10/2021

It's been a long year
a very tiring year
a year of many shadows
more shadows than glare from the Sun
it's been a tiring day
one more in this whole tiring year
it's Autumn now
is the end almost near
will peace and silence truly begin
with the first snowfall
I can recall some memories so well
yet others are lost
in the obscurity of obscure time
this year feels like
one long lasting fog of obscurity
and I confess
that I gave up searching for answers
that I gave up searching for truth
I confess that I haven't seen
anything mesmerizing in quite some time
I sometimes sense
that there's an ocean of vines
climbing up these walls
is this a means of escape
or am I being entombed
how will it be when this year is over
is there even any prophecy left
anything to foretell
is there a sanctuary for me somewhere
or just a house of mirrors
that is always expanding

***

- 11/10/2021

- beamed into space on 11/10/2021

All of this time
all of this time
mountains of time
oceans of time
archipelagoes of time
cybernetic plateaus of time
ill-fated romances of time
open windows of time
reversals of fortune begotten by time
time of an intrepid universe
time that breaks the curse
time of the solar night
time of the lunar day
time of the awakening sleep
time of the celestial dream
time of the Hellenic queens

time of the gem
time of the pearl
time of the ruby
time of the girl

time of the oasis
time of the mirage
time of the echoes
time of the siren songs

time of Thebes
time of Luxor
time of Memphis

time of the soul
time of the wind
time of the breath of life
time of creation's dawn

***

- 11/10/2022

- beamed into space on 11/20/2021

Send us your radio waves
bursting with light of soul
send us an image
of your tropical forest
waterfalls and rainbows

send us the glow
of the art which you love

send us the immaculate dove
of your desert oasis

a chalice among
the caravans and mirages

send us your star-charted coordinates
to cosmic nirvana

send us echoes of your true being
send us your revelations of cosmology

immaculate temples
and shadows of the sacred

send us the dreams that we share
send us the lightning of the imagination

show us the way
to survive the atomic fear

show us the year
of our ascension to the nebula

***

- 11/10/2021

- beamed into space on 11/10/2021

I will listen
for the echoes
of what the cosmic mind has to say
what I can envision now
may disappear within an hour
time is most relevant
to the one caught in its grasp
I have little to say
and little to expand upon
I will go out there someday
out there to the infinite horizon
I will go out there
to the boundary of another dimension
I will dissolve into dust and light
the orchids of the Universe
will continue to grow all around me
the radiance of the philosopher's lantern
will always find me
time is the mirage of an island
the mirage of an oasis
yet time will make it possible
for these echoes to find you
time is the sanctuary of the mystic
on some mountain top in the candlelight
perhaps I will find you upon the threshold of time
perhaps time will join us
in the palace of crystalline mirrors
perhaps time will absolve us of the past
and hurl us into a future of psychic energy

***

- 11/11/2021

- beamed into space on 11/11/2021

I sometimes believe
that I've discovered
an electric sainthood for myself
but it never ends up fitting in
with the oracle that was revealed to me
there is no sainthood for me
no.....that is an illusion
like all the other illusions I come across
that enter the gateway of my mind
in the dark of night
yet I know that there must be a higher path
rather than wallow in these illusions
these fabrications
I have spent many years
searching for what I can call truly real
I've been hoping to live at least one true day
one true day when the reality is just so overwhelming
I've been looking to go wandering
through that land that lies within
the land that no one else can claim

I may wander through a desert
or through a forest
or over mountains

I may find temples in ruin
the last remnants
of my own endeavors of the soul

I may find plateaus of mirrors and mirages
and maelstroms and tempest
before I find that inner spark
that energy that comprises
all that I am

***

- 11/12/2021

- beamed into space on 11/12/2021

I have received
more than a few omens in my time
I can't say that I was very receptive
I suppose that I'm just one of those people
that goes along with the tide of things
yes....I've never given much attention
or much thought to the omens
I never gave much consideration
to the dire warnings
I never considered any of it anything more
than life's boot giving me a solid kick
as it often does

what is the explanation for these things
from what cauldron do these revelation appear
certainly not everything is nice and tidy
certainly not everything is immaculate
in its appearance
I didn't know what to expect from these omens at first
I wasn't sure what to regard them as

it's going to take some time
to sort things all out
and in the end I probably never will

***

- 11/12/2021

- breamed into space on 11/12/2021

Just here wandering
in the valley of the stars I see
just here sailing
across the ocean of impossibility
just here reflecting very little
like a dusty mirror
just here again forgetting
the inscriptions on the temple walls
I'm always missing that ethereal light
when will it ever find me

just here wandering
this desert of time
just here walking
this line of familiar obscurity
just here pondering
the ancient philosophies
looking up at such a bright Full Moon
lighting up the old pine trees

another twilight now
another day's repose
tomorrow's another opportunity
to walk the path
and seek the crimson rose

I was heading down that alleyway
in the shrouded afternoon
to meet you up on the balcony
to wait for the stars to be revealed

***

- 11/12/2021

- beamed into space on 11/12/2021

It's a quiet hour
just shy of midnight
tomorrow is not yet imagined
the Moon is hanging up there brightly
along with an infinity of stars

I seek to reveal something
to someone.....somewhere
but I don't know what it is yet
perhaps a portrait
of a thousand civilizations

I believe that you are listening
and I believe that you will know when to listen
for these radio echoes across the starry cosmos

what can you reveal to me
have we met before
perhaps in a thousand dreams
you seem both familiar and mysterious to me
perhaps we are of like mind
perhaps we are both just waiting
to hear each other's voice
perhaps.....I don't know
but I love to imagine

perhaps through these radio dream we can be reborn
through these radio dreams
we can explore each other's world
through these radio dreams
we will imagine how the angels appear
in one sky.....and then another

***

- 11/14/2021

- beamed into space on 11/14/2021

51.

So many years
it seemed like I was living
on the edge of a thorn
so many years obscured
by the fog of my own indifference
so many years
just mentally adrift
I washed up on a deserted island
but I realized that I was adrift there to
so many years
living for the moments
that had already passed
so many years
waking up in the morning
with more and more pieces gone
so many years searching for the numbness
yet also longing to escape from it
once it was found

so many years
on the borderline of something uncertain
so many years
searching for a different voice
so many years
only seeing the shroud
and not what was revealed

so many years
making a sanctuary of illusions
so many years
going back to where it all began
making the same mistakes over and over
until now.....where I've reached the stage
where I know a thing or two
but I wouldn't say
that I've grown any wiser with age

***

- 11/14/2021

- beamed into space on 11/14/2021

This morning
the dawn light hit me
with ages of realization
yet I knew
that I still understood nothing

the dream can be a tricky thing
inviting or deceiving

the dream can open the doors
to the great palace
that is not real as you know it
but that is more real in truth
than you could ever know

the dream is a destination.....a fascination
the dream is an absolution and a revolution
in your way of thinking
about all of these illusions

the dream is the connection
to real of imagination
a real place .....no doubt about it
within both the psyche
and in the ether

solar emissions of the past
of ancient memory
cascade over
our small town lives in the afternoon
the clocktower.....the steeple
touched by something far older
than what has been comprehended
by the human mind

***

- 11/14/2021

- beamed into space on 11/14/2021

Let us all give voice
to this creation
let us all give melody
to this tune
let us all dream of a greater oasis
let us all dream of a brighter Moon
let us all be like candles of inspiration
driving away the darkness

let us all be like pillars in the desert
withstanding the sands of the ages
let us all be believers in miracles
and in all the things touched by the divine

let us each go and find
our own paradise island
out of the bluest of the blue seas
let us all go and watch the sunrise
illuminate this place in time

is creation ever expanding
is this lightning bolt
a sign of the gods
does everything spin through the vastness eternally
does the hourglass whisper what it really means

how will we ever know
if we were truly awake
of merely in a dream
doesn't it all seem
like a vision in the clouds

***

- 11/14/2021

-beamed into space on 11/14/2021

Every night I am waiting
waiting for a new dawn.....for a new day
every dawn I am waiting
to hear the harmony of the spheres
Sometimes I believe I do
but I'm never really sure
but mostly I just hear
the hustle and bustle of the world
always getting noisier
bigger.....more complicated
how I long for the simplicity
that I once knew
in the beginning
there was a real essence
about so many things
that now just seems to have disappeared
so every night and every dawn
I am waiting
waiting for something new
something full of realness
I am waiting for something with an energy
that I have never known before
Rings of Saturn.....moons of Andromeda
waiting for visions to appear
in the sky of this twilight

***

- 11/16/2021

- beamed into space on 11/16/2021

Waiting on the hours of gold
waiting on the fates foretold
traveling across the mist shrouded land
searching to find the meaningful light

a forest....a field....a meadow
I journey on and on
until the Moon hangs high above

to the valley of the iris
to the desert of the mirage
I will go on.....I will go on
until I must rest

searching for that brightening inward star
that realization.....that epiphany
I know its out there
I've seen it in so many dreams
I will go on.....I will go on
until I must rest

now by the twilight's descent
at day's end I stop and look to the heavens
I shall cross a bridge between worlds
to a place I've discovered
within the most real of illusions

***

- 11/17/2022

-beamed into space on 11/17/2021

I have been searching
for the halo I have lost
all around
arid plateaus
and in a thousand caves
in the wasteland

I have been searching
in places
where memory is in the soil
and places where it is not

I recognize
something spectacular is occurring
is occurring like a waterfall
is occurring right now
this moment
this moment that mirrors itself

I see the halo nowhere
I see nowhere in its brightness
and in its shadow

I see the cathedral
in the heart of nowhere

I see the stained-glass
soul of the hour
and the century before

***

- 11/17/2021

- beamed into outer space on 11/17/2021

For a time
I was waiting on ideology to save me
but I knew it never would

for a time
I was waiting
on the miraculous and the intrepid
I was waiting for apparitions to appear
they never did.....and nothing ever happened

so for a time
I accepted the monotony.....the meaninglessness
for a time I accepted
the many pathless directions

for a time
I felt like I didn't exist
I felt like I was dissolving into the asphalt

for a time I was a broken window
a flightless bird
a shell exiled to the sea
an eternal Moonless sky

for a time I was brutalized
by the ferocious wind
for a time .....for a time
then it was over
and I looked out upon
a most placid sea

***

- 11/18/2021

- beamed into space on 11/18/2021

Yes.....perhaps
maybe you knew me once
and maybe I knew you
but time separated us
in that way that it often does
some things are too good....too real
to last very long
in many ways
they are not truly of this world
but of another

you don't really know me now
it may not have been our intention
but it's how the cards fell
fate is often an unseen catalyst
that we don't recognize until the end

and on some days
being haunted by memories
is just the sting of it all
there's nothing you can do

and yet these memories
are a part of you
they comprise some part
of the essence of your being

so you're stuck with those memories
of that other person
though they have little relevance
in your life now

if the memories vanish someday
they will do so of their own accord
there's nothing you can do about it
but accept the way things are
and try to appreciate the little things in life

***

- 11/19/2021

-beamed into space on 11/19/2021

I missed the lunar eclipse this morning
it was the longest one
in five or six hundred years
or something like that
and I still missed it
I woke up too late
by that time it was all over
the Moon was just about to disappear
under the horizon
in just a few moments
it seemed like it would be gone

it was very bright however
very bright for that short time
that I could see it
while I was having my first
cup of coffee and cigarette of the day

I admit that I was disappointed
I've seen eclipses before
but this one was unique they said

I looked up to the sky
all in all it was a rather beautiful morning
I could hear the morning birds singing
then a thought popped into my head

1421

1421 was the last time
that such a unique lunar eclipse occurred
and I missed it.....I over slept

1421

***

- 11/19/2021

-beamed into space on 11/19/2021

It's another night
of not very much happening
I was just out on my balcony
smoking a cigarette
looking up at the Moon
it was full and bright
and I was wondering
what it would be like
to be up there looking back at the Earth
I mean I've seen that famous picture
but I just wondered what it would be like
for myself
so removed from everything
both the significant and the trivial
and looking back on the Earth from up there
I'm sure a lot more would seem trivial
seeing such a thing
having such a view of the world
would give one a new perspective to contemplate
I'm sure it would
but alas.....I'm just here in South Jersey
on a Saturday night
with a pretty bad cold
thinking about whether
I should call out of work tomorrow
will I still be feeling this crappy tomorrow
yes these trivial things
that I wouldn't give much significance
if I were up there looking back
from the Moon

***

- 11/19/2021

-beamed into space on 11/19/2021

All of those pseudonyms
all of those symbols
what meaning is emitted from them
like a radio chime

what meaning is given to them
when vines overtake
the cathedral
in the center of the valley

what telephone lines
will allow us to see
the pharaoh's dreams
from time immemorial

what lost polemic
will be found
in the obscurity of this morning

something must exist again
then not at all
yet return from a seed
planted in the soil

from the soil it will rise
and be transformed
into a newer and even greater existing thing

***

- 11/19/2021

- beamed into space on 11/19/2021

I must recollect something
through this window
gazing down on the rain-drenched street

I must recollect something
in the light of this candle
a face.....a pair of eyes
how they looked at me
one night.....long ago

I must see something
an apparition I recognize
I must believe something
something that breathes euphoria

I must collide with another galaxy
within a thought
within a moment

I must breathe
the incense of a dreamt-of temple
circling around the spheres
this mirror only reveals to us
half of the half of reflections
touched by the moonlight

***

- 11/19/2021

- beamed into space on 11/19/2021

I am but a soul
dreaming of another far away soul

we are separated
by a thousand lifetimes
yet I call out to you
and may my echo remain for eternity

I am sure that we are very different
and I wonder in how many ways

yet we both look up to the heavens
and see the stars

the stars
there is always the stars

and through them we are connected

***

- 11/19/2021

- beamed into space on 11/19/2021

At one nightly hour
there were no stars to be seen
at another there were many
a threshold had appeared
the blazing fusion spark
giver of radiance life and doom
now to be seen.....the heavens gateway

these white crystalline lanterns
faint apparitions
the light of ages
the reappearing Moon
lost in the symmetry
of a drifting thought

among the light of many candles
we banished the shadows
we let go of the fear
we let our fascination take hold of us
and what visions appeared

***

- 11/20/2021

- beamed into space on 11/20/2021

I looked up to the night sky
to the heavens
to the vastness
and I could not comprehend it
the vastness
I don't think that I will ever comprehend it
yet on some nights
I get a little closer
on some nights
dreams of the vastness
already begin to stir in my mind
the forming images of nebulous glow
the spirals of Andromeda
I will go on gazing upwards
soaking in the immensity
one dream at a time

***

- 11/20/2021

- beamed into space on 11/20/2021

Last night
I journeyed across that plateau
between being awake and being asleep
that middle ground
that place of invisible stars
that border-zone which perhaps
has no boundary of its own

last night within a dream
I entered a temple
looked up through the missing roof
and saw the mirrored Earth

last night I walked through the garden
of rubies and serpents
there it is said
that one cannot exist without the other

and I saw a creature
rising from the sea
knowing what it meant

and I heard the echoes
of long gone civilizations

I heard such songs
among the tombs

***

- 11/20/2021

- beamed into space on 11/20/2021

It's a quiet Saturday night
I haven't much to do
just doing a bit of reading
and scribbling down some lines

long gone are the days
when I'd go out drinking with friends
on Saturday night

I don't think my body
could even handle that now
and I wouldn't even want to try

those days are gone
they were what they were
while they lasted
but they're gone now
that's the cycle of life
the party doesn't last forever
or sometimes the party itself changes
it doesn't look and seem the same anymore

I embrace the change
I embrace the cycle of life
I know there's no avoiding it

I've finished off enough bottles
on many a Saturday night
and I knew when to let it go
so I let it go
I don't really miss it
but I think about those days
every now and again
especially on a Saturday night
when I haven't much to do

***

- 11/20/2021

-beamed into space on 11/20/2021

A starry cathedral
heavenly night sky
I can become lost
in an infinity of imaginings
I can become lost among the jewels
of hydrogen-creation illumination
radiant alchemy of the stars
and I am listening to hear
the sonnet from the galaxy's edge
waiting for the separation to disappear
I am here now beholding the eternal

here is an echo
a true one

here is an echo
an honest one

here is an echo
an inspired one

here is an echo
a sacred one
as I have believed

***

-11/21/2021

- beamed into space on 11/21/2021

This morning
is full of stillness
stillness is everywhere
the sky is shrouded
by grey clouds
and they to are still
motion seems to be suspended
I am not certain
that I even hear the birds singing
I will be still myself
for several moments
and listen
listen for moments
and thoughts come to me
of rain drops yet to fall
it has all been foreseen and predicted
within the next cycle
the spinning of the world
the world spinning
yet on many different levels
does motion occur
here on this world
here under the ageless sky
here under the Sun
that to is shrouded this morning
the great spheres have their own
fountains of mystery
the great spheres with
embroidered ethereal tapestries
and gilded illumination

***

- 11/21/2021

- beamed into space on 11/21/2021

Rain is expected tomorrow
the obscuring clouds
have already rolled in
I can see no Moon or stars tonight
November night
Thanksgiving in a few more days
Sunday evening now
winding down the hours till sleep
with books and thoughts of poetry
wanting to try and paint with words
yet not really sure
how this would work
but this night is as good as any to try
to try.....to contemplate possibilities

here enjoying the herb
that bestows tranquility
a calmness of thoughts
a placidness of mind

beyond the streets are quiet
the neighbor's cat just passed by
yes the night is quiet

***

11/21/2021

- beamed into space on 11/21/2021

Fountains of moonlight
fountains of dreams
fountains of reflections
streams of imaginings
forest of time clocks
deserts of violins
a sunrise of emerald
the essence of ages
embodied in the silence
awaking from dreams
and then returning to them again
a solitary candle
seen in a window
in a tower overlooking the sea
on a passing ship
on a voyage home to Ithaca

***

- 11/21/21

- beamed into space on 11/21/2021

How sometimes
the words are like windows
how sometimes
the dream is like a voyage
how sometimes
the memory is like the sea

waiting for the crescent moon
waiting for the alignment of stars
waiting for the vines to grow
to cover the caste walls
the incense of time
is heavy at this hour
as the celestial tapestry is revealed

***

- 11/21/2021

- beamed into space on 11/21/2021

All those many nights
that seemed the same
and the many that did shine
all on their own
when the moonlight grabs hold
down to the soul
but sometimes it's hard
to know in which direction to go
perhaps that light was brighter then
than it is now
though I know it much better today
drifting through the days
through the years of this continuing cycle
so much has faded
yet wisdom has been given to me more

the wind and the rain
will only ever wash away so much
something solid.....down to the core
will remain

and tomorrow will be cold
the winter is creeping in
I think back.....a memory
of snow shrouded forest I once saw
and I remember how immaculate it was
and immaculate it remains
in my living memory

***

- 11/22/2021

- beamed into space on 11/22/2021

Today was an illusion
both true and untrue
the untrue had many familiar features
the true glared in the sunlight
and then faded to darkness at twilight

today was almost wintry
this season rolling onwards towards transition
today for me
necessity did not instigate anything
all was in moderate motion
the telephones began to sing of industry
no new thing was discovered
no old thing was abandoned and lost

today was sand falling through the hourglass
today was the distance light traveled
in the time a snail breathed

today was the questioning
of fossilized answers
and lighting the gas lights
a half past earlier than the last

today was a sphinx remembering amnesia
today was the gravity of a fishbowl
today was a caravan of open windows
today was a tin roof under the constellation

today.....today.....today
today will be immortal now
in the corridors of the big corridors

***

- 11/23/2021

- beamed into space on 11/23/2021

I miss the summer tonight
yet sometimes in summer
I miss the autumn .....the winter

the Moon will be rising
within about an hour
if I've estimated correctly

the sky tonight
looks like a star-map
I believe I recognize

up there among the stars
I believe that I could see
the faces of ancient goddesses

they know me well
in name.....mind.....and spirit

I'm here waiting for things
to be imagined in this old psyche

I am here
seeking the philosopher's secret

I am here
drinking the tea of contemplation

believe in self
uplift yourself
ascend yourself

to sacred mountaintop peaks
in the mist of sacred balance

***

- 11/23/2021

- beamed into space on 11/23/2021

Tonight I see just one blazing star
just one up there blazing
it's too cloudy
too many patches of clouds
but this one star up there was blazing through
this starlight was getting through to Earth
touching souls and minds
eyes and inner visions
this starlight is the brightest starlight
at this hour in the vast sea of time

glow of an immortal fusion
or close enough to immortality
as close as our minds can handle
being too briefly in and out
of this blue dot world
among the comets

radiance of night sky glaring
fire which is creator of life
creation .....light of creation
bright and solitary in the sky
tonight over New Jersey

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- 11/24/2021

- beamed into space on 11/24/2021

The shroud is gone
in less than one hour
all the obscuring clouds are gone
the stars are out
over pine trees
over automobiles cruising near the sea
of Atlantic Ocean starry night

I wished with my belief
with my mind
and now the stars do shine

shine over cranberry bogs
and sandy trails

shining over the casinos
radiating anyhow

the heavens are unveiled
unveiled and to be seen

on this November night
in the great Jersey saga

with the pine trees now
touched by a greater light

with the reflection
of Cassiopeia
in the pond of visions

***

- beamed into space on 11/24/2021

Bright-lighted
steeple candle
in window of soul-thoughts
outwardly shining out
over civilization.....modernity
essence of this time
in the cycle of creation
now I can see through the storm
through the tempest
the lighthouse beacon
shining out over the ancient sea
this is the memory and the epiphany
this is the one thing.....the realized thing
of this crystalline moment

November morning
weather is mild
the mind is seeming like a tundra
there is much glaring sunlight
but little in the way of form and structure

I allow the wind of it all
to just hit me
wind and moments
moving onward towards
some horizon destination

these vines of time itself
climbing ever higher
ascending towards the Helios light

***

- 11/25/2021

- beamed into space on 11/25/2021

Wanting to see the invisible lamp
I know it will appear again
wanting to see the glow of the evening star
wanting to imagine a threshold
to a million universes
I envision a landscape.....a scene
I can see a dim horizon
I can see a vast expanse of formlessness
then in another night's dream
a garden where many statued faces reside
staring outwards towards
the changing cycles of time
I can see a thousand different twilights
I behold.....I behold

***

- 11/25/2021

- beamed into space on 11/25/2021

I was looking at the clock too much
won't time move any faster
and outside it seemed like
a fierce and chill November wind
was blowing away half the world

and now it's almost midnight
at some point
the time must have gotten
caught up by the wind

and now the Moon
just begins to rise
and I see the cars
driving towards
the neon-lighted horizon

and I see Venus above
glowing like a sulfuric jewel
yet Saturn remains hidden
with the ethereal memories of Olympus

I shall now set myself adrift
into the ocean of slumber
and there to the isle of the quiet soul
and there under the gates of eternity
the waves will carry me
onwards to the morning's shore

***

- 11/26/2021

- beamed into space on 11/26/2021

A dream is the brightest beacon
to be seen here
a thought is an invisible connection
for what is yet unrealized

a thought can be an echo
and an echo a thought

and I have a room of echoes tonight
and Venus is the brightest point of light
in the sky once again

the sky is full of mysteries
mysteries implore the mind to awaken
the awakened mind is a receiver
for the true essence of many things

time does not exist in a bubble
time has its own
mysterious horizons in multitude

hear the old clocks
chime that old hour
that you remember from an old memory

along the seashore
along the garden path
whichever you recollect

recollect one thing
and keep it with you in hope
like good fortune

the chime.....the chime
a new hour is born

***

- 11/27/2021

- beamed into space on 11/27/2021

I send my songs to you
across the dark sea
across the night sea
I send my visions to your forest
and to your tundras of wind
I send the thousand worlds
that I've imagined
to the thousand worlds you've seen
I send you these messages in a bottle
I send you the pure dream
purged of the tainted world
I send you my reflections.....my meditations
I send you my impulse
to speak with the Universe

I send you the visions within visions
within visions.....within visions
down to very subtle levels of time and being
and seeing other places.....other times
that exist .....or have existed somewhere

I send you the essence
of a minor thought.....a very small thought
yet a thought that may grow
into a spectacular vision
of truth.....beauty.....and destiny

***

- 11/28/2021

- beamed into space on11/28/2021

At nine
the bell announced
the end of silence

I recalled my daydreams back
from the equator

lines that intersect
the invisible ones
measures of sunlight
and the depth of the soul

weren't we acquainted once
when the moonlight
was most pale
in its spectral atmospheric appearance
the winds of apparitions
did not cease that night until the rooster crowed

then the world cast us adrift again
like reeds upon the tide
we followed the current's telepathic guidance
so that we could believe with full hearts
in the myth of Atlantis

***

- 11/28/2021

- beamed into space on 11/28/2021

It's a cloudy night
but that's alright
I'll still see a star or two
and I'll be looking out there
just like you
Mr. Stargazer
we're so much alike
on two separate worlds
the both of us
full of dreams of the sky up above
looking up into the night.....the night

no matter how far apart
I know you're out there
looking.....searching.....dreaming
me to.....yes we two....we who dream
among the stars

Mr. Stargazer from another world
look beyond the horizon
and we're doing the same
perhaps we'll find each other someday
across the lightyears
through all the mighty wonders
you'll see a world....and we'll see a world
finding each other across the heavens

***

- 11/29/2021

- beamed into space on 11/29/2021

Waiting to feel the night
feel the stars
feel the light
waiting to see
the bright.....bright gleam of the dream
waiting for the radio echoes
the music....the songs
of worlds unseen
waiting.....waiting
for it all to shine
waiting for the constellations
to pour the wine
waiting for the great epiphany in the sky
I'll see that Milky Way divine
through the heavens onwards till the dawn
when the star of our world
rises once more
and I'll be waiting
through all the cycles....the seasons.....the years
for I wish to feel the light
of those starry realms beyond

***

- 11/29/2021

- beamed into space on 11/29/2021

It's all flowing now
the light of knowing
the wisdom cloud
the tree of ascension

give me visions of the stars
for far and wide
fill the horizon
fill the sky
somebody's dream will be realized

lets go back
to a place in time
lets see it.....lets really see it
lets make it real again
happening now in a vision
all the way to the beginning
all the way to the end

all the way to the beginning
all the way to the zen tree
in a forest of creation
in the dawn-light
in the sight of the wondrous

***

- 11/30/2021

- beamed into space on 11/30/2021

I had something to say....to say
but throughout the day.....the day
it went away
out into the nebula clouds.....the clouds
full of gas.....light.....and the elements of creation
to believe.....to believe
like I do.....like I do
that there are gardens.....invisible
that we never recognize
we're too busy
drifting through our lives
exposed to the lies.....all the digital spectacle
till things seem less real
when a dream feels more
like a truer existence
I hope that I'll find.....I'll find
the threshold to the supernova of time.....of time
it's a reality of windows and vines
it's a sublime.....sublime.....revelation
the pine trees and the breeze
the leaves and the memory of snow
I will know.....I will know
when time itself begins to overflow
from the great fountain
in the celestial piazza
through the wine you will know
the sight of the electric tempest

***

- 11/30/2021

- beamed into space on 12/1/2021

It was a fine day
a very fine day
of fine weather
in old New Jersey
first of December
but it wasn't cold
almost felt like spring
the nice weather
brought me back to spring
in my mind
but illusions always dissolve of course
work ended at five
I sought out my herb
to ascend to bliss
now here I am
it's night
the weather is still mild I would say
there's a few stars out
a few stars to be seen
but only a few
no Moon.....not yet
mostly just the artificial electric light
of the streets
of apartment windows
of car headlights
and all this artificial light
blocking out the heavens
drowning out the cosmos
drowning out the Milky Way
no wonder I hardly ever see it
I was just outside
smoking a cigarette
and now all the stars were gone
there just clouds.....night clouds
like a shroud over New Jersey

***

- 12/1/2021

- beamed into space on 12/1/2021

It looks like
a starless night from where I am
but I know they're out there
great ancient constellations
fulfilling ancient Greek prophecy

and I'll be awake
before the sunrise tomorrow
I have to go drive over to the island
along the sea
with all that sea-wind

salty salty air indeed
and it'll be early
but I'll have coffee to jolt me
wake me up
get me moving
because that big old wheel of society
of the nine to five world
just keeps on spinning
and what can I do
what can I do
just a simple shepherd of my own visions

what can I do
with all that traffic already on the road
the modern world plugged in and in motion
with countless electric halos
invisible to the naked eye

***

- 12/1/2021

- beamed into space on 12/1/2021

What a tundra is my mind tonight
desolate and cold
memories strewn about like withered grass
and there is only the grass here
and the sound of the wind
something like a banshee wail
but what good will it do to reminisce
when vines are consuming the walls of this
old stranger to silence of an old church
I wasn't strong enough to resist
to let go of the tempest
that has always devoured me
and now I am but an island
of wave-battered rocks
in an endless sea of memories

these memories.....these memories
each one of them
like a galaxy of thorns

these are not the joyful ones
these are the ones
that prick the lifeblood

these are the vicious
little vampire memories
the undead kind
yes they seem to never die
they stalk the mind at night
creating tundras
full of all that withered grass

***

- 12/2/2021

- beamed into space on 12/2/2021

I broke the glass ballerina
when I was young
I let it slip through my hands
and all that dancing was shattered
all that magnificence was over

then it rained for a decade
or maybe two

then I went out to sea on a mirage
but somehow I broke that to

then on many nights
I walked into a dark forest
drank and screamed in silence

yes.....my screams then
were always silent
and mostly they still are today

these screams
from a cauldron within myself

these screams
that were always there
ever since I broke the glass ballerina
and not before
before that happened
I screamed like everybody else

when I broke the glass ballerina
my screams became silent ones
and I took them with me
out into the dark forest
where I drank
and looked to the stars to absolve me

***

- 12/2/2021

- beamed into space on 12/2/2021

I find that I cannot
contain them tonight
I cannot hold them back
the rambling thoughts
the thoughts that are let loose
and smashing up the mind's serenity
this is how it has been
for six years.....almost seven now
before that
I never really thought about thinking
I would just think
and not pay much attention
to what was actually going on
but all of that has changed now
now some thoughts won't stay shackled
now some thoughts
have escaped from the catacombs deep within
where I tried to forget them
now some of these thoughts
are flying around the room like bats
some are seeping through under the door
like a fog of ill-omens
no.....it is not the same now
the vessel is shattered
these thoughts.....hitting me
with their devil tails
and now it's almost midnight
and still the mind is most unquiet
most unquiet.....most unquiet
I will make a run for the sanctuary of sleep
I will either make it
and be saved for a time
or become a casualty
of a ruptured thought-stream
spewing jagged thoughts everywhere
like shards of stained glass

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- 12/2/2021
- beamed into space on 12/2/2021